

Title: Charlie does the Foxtrot or Damn the Torpedoes

Author: Lady FoxFire

Pairing(s): None

Rating: PG13

Setting: Book 5

Warning: None

Category(s): Harry Potter

Summary: Fudge believed that everything was going according to his grand plan when Harry Potter was found guilty.... Oh Boy! Was he wrong!

Disclaimer: I do not own the Harry Potter series, if I did the last 3 books would have been a lot better.

Bad Author Notes: Okay and now for an explanation about the title. First Charlie Weasley is not in this story. Charlie Foxtrot is military expression for a clusterfuck.

"Damn the Torpedoes! Four bells, Captain Drayton. Go ahead, Jouett, full speed!" is a quote from Admiral David Glasgow Farragut, USN. He said this as he ordered the fleet into a heavily mined bay. He won the battle.

Both are situation in which you're screwed but if you play your cards right, not only will you survive, you'll win and your enemies will lose.

Special thanks to my editor, Corwalch for fixing all the grammar and spelling mistakes that usual end up in my fics and to Ed Becerra who helped me pick the title for this fic

Harry waited for the members of the Wizengamot to hand down their sentence for his supposed crime of underage magic. He had remained standing in proud defiance as Umbridge twisted the truth into a poor mockery of itself. At times his eyes would flicker over to the only empty seat among the members of Wizengamot, the seat that Albus Dumbledore normally occupied.

"It is the decision of this Wizengamot that the defendant, Harry James Potter has been found guilty of the charge of underage magic and of violating the Statute of Secrecy. Due to the defendant's inability to refrain from using magic around Muggles, it is the decision of this court that Mr. Potter is to be expelled from Hogwarts and his wand is to be snapped."

"If it's at any consolation, Mr. Potter, you don't have to leave the wizard community," one of the members of the Wizengamot told him. "To the wizarding world you will be seen as a type of squib... a squib that could use magic... if he had a wand... Well, I mean I'm sure you can find work someplace in our community instead of going back to those nasty Muggles. I mean some of the things Muggles do are barbaric. Definitely not proper things anyone should do. You could perhaps find a nice young witch to marry? I know my brother is looking for a nice young wiz... man to wed my niece"

Harry tipped his head at the Wizengamot member who had spoken. "Thank you for your words, sir. At this point in time I plan on reviewing my options before I make a decision," Harry replied. Turning Harry looked directly at the Minister. "Is there anything else that must be done or may I leave?"

Minister Fudge looked down upon Harry, the disappointment he was feeling over how the young man was behaving evident in his face. "There is just one thing, Mr. Potter," Fudge said as he held up Harry's wand. "The snapping of your wand." And with that Fudge grasped Harry's wand with both hands and snapped it in half. "The remains of your wand will remain in Ministry custody as evidence of your crimes."

Harry nodded his head in acceptance before turning and walking out Courtroom Ten.

Harry was just passing the Fountain of Magical Brethren when an older lady called out to him as she hurried towards him.

"Mr. Potter, I'm Cathy Wickens of the Daily Prophet," the woman introduced herself when she reached him

"Ah, one of Rita Skeeter's co-workers," The disgust was very evident in his voice as Harry started to walk past the woman.

"Well yes and no," Wickens replied following Harry. "Rita works big stories. She interviews important people. I'm just a simple court reporter."

Harry turned to face the reporter. "So you don't add your own spin to your articles?"

"Spin? I don't know what your mean Mr. Potter," Wickens replied. "I'm required by law to report court proceedings accurately. What I write is the truth as it's reported in court, nothing more."

Harry stared at the woman for a moment before sighing wearily. "So what do you want?"

"Well... umm..." Wickens dug up a piece of parchment and her quill. "It's been reported that you were found guilty of underage magic and breaking the Statute of Secrecy and had your wand snapped."

"Hmmm..." Harry stood there his arms crossed over his chest.

"Well... umm... would you like to comment of your court case?" Wickens asked.

Harry bowed his head for a moment before saying, "My verdict showed me just how much the magic community values truth and justice and it is something that I will take to heart," Harry stated. "Now if you will excuse me, I have some matters that I need to deal with."

It was a few minutes before 9 o'clock when Albus Dumbledore walked into Courtroom Ten with Arabella Figg following behind him, only to find the courtroom completely empty.

Dumbledore took in the empty room before saying, "This is not good."

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Bad Author Notes: And the plot thickness.

Harry entered the office of the goblin that had served as the family financial advisor for the entire Potter clan in both the Muggle and Magical worlds. Now that clan consisted solely of Harry.

"How can Gringotts be of service, Mr. Potter?" the goblin asked once Harry had taken a seat in the chair in the front of the goblin's desk.

"Well Warrior Bloodstone, I seem to have come upon a quandary and I would like to know Gringotts' stance on the matter," Harry answered.

"And what exactly is that matter that has you here asking for Gringotts' opinion?" Bloodstone asked.

"I'm sure that you've been informed that today I was on trial for underage magic along with breaking the Statute of Secrecy," Harry said.

Bloodstone nodded his head. "I've been informed that the Wizengamot has found you guilty and your wand had been snapped."

Harry nodded his head. "And that is the source of my quandary. You see after my third year at Hogwarts I developed in an interest in magical laws, so this past school year I took it upon myself to read up on the laws governing magical citizens whenever I had a chance. One particular law stood out in my mind and that is that no person under 17 years of age can stand before the Wizengamot unless they are being tried for the crime of murder or treason. It was the opinion of the times the law was written in that the members of the Wizengamot were too busy dealing with other matters, so trials before Wizengamot were reserved for adult matters only," Harry explained.

"And underage magic is not an adult matter," Bloodstone agreed with a nod of his head.

"Exactly. By being placed on trial in front of the Wizengamot, the Wizengamot has declared me to be adult in the eyes of the law and therefore I could not be tried for underage magic," Harry explained. "As for the charge of breaking the Statute of Secrecy, I believe the current fine is 200 Galleons or six weeks in minimum security ward of Azkaban, therefore the breaking of my wand was illegal. Of course I would like to hear Gringotts' opinion about whether or not I am adult in the eyes of the law and therefore in eyes of the goblin nation."

Bloodstone's eyes narrowed. "To what end would you want my people's opinion in matter that affects wizards only," he demanded.

Harry smiled a fierce smile, one that promised blood and pain towards his enemies. "I just wish to serve the wizard community the same amount of truth and justice they supplied me but while I do so I do not want to make an enemy of Gringotts or the goblin nation. As my current plan stands, my actions would make this branch of Gringotts an enemy," he explained.

"And that is something you wish to avoid," Bloodstone replied.

"It is," Harry agreed. "Of course this depends on if matters turn out to be as I suspect."

"And what are these matters," Bloodstone asked.

"Matters I can not investigate until I am 17 years old or have been declared an adult in the eyes of the law," Harry replied.

"And if Gringotts decides not to see you as an adult until you reach the age of 17?" Bloodstone asked.

"Then I will end up hurting all of Gringotts, not just one branch and this is something I wish to avoid. I would rather have the goblin nation as an ally instead of an enemy," Harry answered.

"And if matters are not as you have assumed?" Bloodstone asked

"Then my plans will have little effect on Gringotts or the goblin nation," Harry answered. "But I am confident that matters are as I believe them to be."

Bloodstone sat back in his chair and stared at Harry. "I am either taking the life of my family and my own in my hand or I have been granted the greatest prize the goblin nation has won in a hundred years..." he said. "Because of the trial before Wizengamot, Gringotts is declaring that Harry Potter is an adult in all matters and shall be dealt with as stated for his status."

Harry let out a sigh of relief as he slumped in his chair. "Thank you," he said softly.

Bloodstone nodded his head as he acknowledged that Harry had played the game admirably. "So how can Gringotts be of service?"

"I would like to see my parents will," Harry replied.

Bloodstone nodded his head. "Immediately after your parents' death, the Wizengamot ordered their will to be frozen until you became an adult," he summoned another goblin, and spoke to him in Gobbledegook. The goblin hurried off. "Now while we wait for your parents' will to be retrieved, how else can Gringotts aid you?"

"Well... I'm sure you know how the wizard community likes to intermarry," Harry said. "And with the last two wars killing off so

many families... I was wondering if Gringotts had a way of determining if someone was heir to an account."

Bloodstone stared at Harry for a moment before he chuckled darkly. "That can be arranged for the cost of 50 Galleons, of course Gringotts makes no promises that you will discover you are the heir of any accounts except ones you already are."

Harry waved off Bloodstone comment. "And I am sure that I will find one account other than my parents that I am an heir to after all my mother was Muggleborn, so there has to be one account she was heir too."

Bloodstone blinked a couple of times in response to Harry's comment. "I don't follow your logic," he said. "If your mother was Muggleborn then she shouldn't be the heir to any account."

"That's assuming that magic suddenly was granted to her and that she wasn't the descendent of a squib who was banished from the wizard community a long time ago," Harry replied.

Bloodstone spent a moment lost in thought before nodding his head. "And since Muggleborns are told that they are the first in their family to have magic they never bother to see if what they're told is actual the truth."

"I find that the wizard community tends to believe what they told is truth without checking the facts themselves," Harry added in. "What's the American term... oh yes, sheeple. The wizard community is made up mostly of sheeple."

"With a few wolves thrown in to thin out the herd," Bloodstone added in.

"Or to lead the herd to go in the direction the wolves want," Harry said. "There are killing wolves and then there are controlling wolves. I plan to be the fox that steals all the wool and leave behind all the baaing sheeple for the wolves to deal with."

Bloodstone blinked a couple time as he was clued in to Harry's goal. "Of course if a shepherd would appear and help the poor sheeple in their time of need..."

"I'm sure they would grant the shepherd anything they wanted like a seat on the Wizengamot, of course the shepherd would have to step in before the wolves gained control again," Harry said.

"Yes, of course. Timing is everything in matters such as this," Bloodstone agreed thoughtfully.

It was then that the goblin returned with the Potter's will in hand. Bloodstone took the will and then handed it over to Harry, unopened.

Harry opened the will and read it quickly. "Just as I suspected. I was never meant to go to the Dursley," Harry handed the will over for Bloodstone to read. "My parents wisely listed in their will who was their secret keeper along with a list of people that I am to be placed with in the event that Sirius was unable to take me."

Bloodstone read over the will. "No, not surprising at all. We here at Gringotts have often questioned things that Dumbledore has forced through the Wizengamot."

Harry nodded his head, his brow furrowed in thought. "So it appears that I have to pull the teeth from two wolves instead of one. I had been so hoping that Dumbledore had not been informed of the change in time for my trial but it appears he wanted me to be the sacrificial sheeple."

"How do you plan on pulling the teeth from the wolves?" Bloodstone asked.

"Pulling Voldemort's teeth is actually going to be fairly easy and undoubtedly very profitable since he has already given me the key to do so," Harry admitted. "As for Dumbledore... I can only hope that when we test to see if I'm the heir to any other accounts, we find his downfall."

A furious grin appeared on Bloodstone's face. "Perhaps you'll care to tell me how you plan to pull the Dark Lord's teeth while we wait from someone from the inheritance department to arrive."

In the kitchen of #12 Grimmauld Place, Dumbledore called a meeting of his secret organization, the Order of the Phoenix, together. "Thank you for arriving on such short notice," Dumbledore said.



"Is it Harry," Molly demanded before anyone could say anything. "Is he alright? Did something happen to him?"

"Now. Now, Molly, give the Headmaster a chance to speak," Arthur soothed his wife. "I'm sure that Harry is alright."

"Where is Harry?" Sirius asked. "Did something happen?"

Dumbledore slowly sat down at the head of the kitchen table. "Unfortunately something did happen," he took a deep breath to maximize the dramatic affect. "Fudge changed the time of the trial. I didn't learn of this until the Wizengamot had found Harry guilty."

"Where is Harry?" Sirius growled as Remus laid a hand on Sirius's shoulder that many took as a sign of support while others took it as the beginning of attempts to restrain him if necessary.

Dumbledore sadly shook his head. "I don't know. He left the building before I arrived and no one knows where he went."

"You don't know," Sirius snarled like a wild animal. "How could you not know!"

"As I said, he had already left the building by the time I arrived," Dumbledore replied in a firm tone of voice. "We will find him, Sirius. You just need to be patient."

"Patient!" Sirius exclaimed as he rose to his feet. "I've been patient for almost 2 years waiting for you to get me a trial! I had to wait patiently on the sidelines when you forced my godson through that Merlin-be-damned Triwizard Tournament. Of course if you had stopped for a moment you would have realized that he never had to compete! All the kids had to do was play some children's game and then Harry would have been out it and then those who actually entered their name could have competed. But no, the great Dumbledore, trust me to make sure Harry gets a fair trial, made him compete."

The flare of Dumbledore's nostrils was the only indication of his anger at Sirius' words as he maintained his calm, grandfatherly façade. "Things are easier said than done, Sirius."

"That's a load of crock!" Sirius snapped back. "You could easily have discovered that there was no record of my trial and convinced the Wizengamot to give me one. Of course once that was agreed upon all you need was to have your pet Aurors arrest me and drag me before the Wizengamot. And instead of allowing Fudge and the Prophet print lies about Harry, you could have had him brought before the Wizengamot to give testimony about what happened. I'm sure that Diggory would want to know the truth about his son's murder! Of course we can't have the truth come out right now because then Saint Dumbledore won't look good when everyone learns the truth months later after he's suffered through the abuse and ridicule."

Dumbledore slammed his hands down on that table. "That's enough, Sirius!"

"You're right, that is enough!" Sirius growled. "I've had enough of listening to you preach about your so called greater good. About giving monsters like Snape a second chance while denying mine." Sirius looked around at the shocked faces gathered about the table. "The rest of you can stay and listen to Saint Dumbledore tell you how it should be but I'm going out there to find my godson!"

Dumbledore's wand appeared in his hand. "I can't let you do that, Sirius," he said, stunning the younger man.

Dumbledore looked around at his followers. "I'm afraid that this stress on top to his time in Azkaban has been too much for poor Sirius. I didn't realize until now how much stress the poor boy was under." Dumbledore shook his head sadly. "I know he didn't really mean anything that he said. It was his worry for Harry that made him say all of that."

A number of people around the table nodded their heads in agreement.

"I've seen Sirius looking out the window and sigh in longing to be out there," Molly chimed in. "Or he's watching the sky for Harry's owl, Hedwig."

Dumbledore nodded his head. "Unfortunately if Sirius left the protection of this house he would be in constant danger not only from Voldemort and his Death eaters but from the Ministry itself. No,

Sirius is safest here. And when we find Harry, we will bring him back here too until I can have him reinstated at Hogwarts."

"But how can we find him?" Someone from the other end of the table demanded. "The boy could be anywhere!"

"I don't believe so," Dumbledore replied with a kind smile. "I believe Harry will stay close to places he knows. Diagon Alley. Little Whinging. The Burrow. Perhaps he could even make it up to Hogsmeade and Hogwarts. Those are the places we need to start our search."

The members of the Order of the Phoenix quickly fell back under Dumbledore's sway and were soon plotting out their plans of how to find Harry and bring him back here.

No one ever noticed when Remus levitated Sirius out of the room and into his bedroom nor did they ever notice that Remus didn't return to kitchen and had in fact stayed with his friend.

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Bad Author Notes: Why is it that flammers never sign their flames? Are they jealousy of my work and fear that I would follow them back to their story and then give honest criticism about it instead of saying something is unreadable, clichéd and dumb?

Sorry - forgot to say in thei fic Snape is a Pure-blood.

Almost three weeks had passed since that day the Wizengamot has found Harry guilty and snapped his wand and during that time Dumbledore had his agents searching in the wizard community and the Muggle world for Harry with not even a rumor of his location for their efforts.

But as they say time stops for no man or wizard and it was soon the first of September.

Dumbledore stood before the students in the Great Hall having been sorted and fed as he made his yearly speech.

"Mr. Filch, the caretaker, has asked me, for what he tells me is four hundreds and sixty-second time, to remind you all that magic is not permitted in corridors between classes, nor are a number of other

things, all of which can be checked on the extensive list now fastened to Mr. Filch's office door."

"We have two changes in staffing this year. We are very pleased to welcome back Professor Grubbly-Plank, who will be taking Care of the Magical Creatures lessons; we are also delighted to introduce Professor Umbridge, our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher."

The students applauded politely to the announcements.

Dumbledore continued, "Tryouts for the House Quidditch teams will take place on the –

"Hem, Hem."

Dumbledore stopped midway through his announcement, turning he looked down at the seat in which Professor Umbridge sat.

The woman, who between her short stature, wide girth and bulging eyes resembled more of a toad than a human female, rose to her feet and looked out upon the students of Hogwarts with an oily smile.

"Thank you Headmaster for those kind words of welcome," she said in a high-pitched voice that one would expect to hear from a woman who was trying to sound much younger than her age. "Well it is lovely to be back at Hogwarts, I must say! And to see such happy little faces looking back at me! I am very much looking forwards to getting to know you all, and I'm sure we'll be very good friends!

Umbridge repeated the "Hem, Hem" sound she had used early to interrupt Dumbledore before continuing on with her speech

"The Ministry of Magic has always considered the education of young witches and wizards to be of vital importance. The rare gifts with which you..."

Whatever Umbridge intended to say next was interrupted when the massive doors of the Great Hall swung open with such force that the wall they hit vibrated afterwards.

Two squads of goblins in full armor marched in.

"How dare you enter here and interrupt me you... you..." Umbridge sputtered as her face grew red in anger.

Dumbledore rose to feet and with a touch of wandless magic forced Umbridge back into her chair. "Greeting dear goblins," he said with the ease of an experienced politician. "May I inquire as to the reason behind your visit to our school."

"Gringotts business, Dumbledore, with the approval of your Ministry," a goblin wearing a helmet in the shape of a skull replied. "We're here to retrieve some wayward animals for their master."

Dumbledore brow furrowed. "What animals?" he asked. "The only animals we have here belong to the students and those that are used in Care of the Magical Creatures lessons."

"No. I do not speak of the children's pets or those animals you use in training," the goblin stated. "These beasts are some that have strayed away from their new master's keep since his regent failed his duty to maintain his house."

"I see," Dumbledore said in a tone that said he really did not understand. "Will you need help in retrieving these animals?"

The goblin shook his head. "No. No, that will not be necessary. My team is well trained in capturing these beasts even if we haven't had the opportunity to do so in many years."

"Of course," Dumbledore replied with a nod of his head in acceptance. "How long do you believe it will take to collect these animals?"

"Not long," the goblin answered with a toothy smile. "In fact if we could begin now we should be able to leave your school within the hour."

Dumbledore nodded his head in approval.

The goblin's toothy smile became more menacing as he signaled his team to bring up an old battered crate similar to the crate used to store the different balls used in Quidditch. The goblin in charge kicked open the crate and out flew a number of rust colored collars.

The collars circled around the goblins for a moment before zipping off in all directions.

Panicked screams soon filled the air.

"Get it off! Get it off!" one of the 7th year girls in Hufflepuff screamed as she tugged at the collar encircling her throat.

The professors and older students grabbed their wands as the younger students dove out of the way if a collar came too close for comfort.

"What is the meaning of this?" Dumbledore demanded as he witnessed Malfoy, Crabbe and Goyle being collared.

The goblin in charge looked at Dumbledore with an expression of satisfaction. "We're collecting the wayward animals as you agreed we could."

"These are children, not animals!" Dumbledore snapped.

"Not according to wizard law," the goblin answered.

"What... what do you mean?" McGonagall demanded as she watched as a collar encircle Snape's throat.

"The Act of 1522, which states that all livestock and chattel must be branded with their owner's mark," the goblin replied.

"And what does this have to do with what you're doing here?" Dumbledore snapped.

The goblin sighed. "That animal," the goblin pointed at Snape, "is branded with his former owner mark. The same Act also declares that the off-spring of marked animals are the property of their parents' owners."

"I am not an animal," Snape declared as he aimed his wand at the goblin in charge only to have a surprised look on his face when nothing happened when he tried to cast a spell.

The goblin snorted. "No freeman would willingly allow himself to be branded like a beast."

"Severus was cleared of all charges," Dumbledore pointed out.

The goblin shrugged his shoulders. "And this is important, why?"

"Because Snape is an innocent man," Dumbledore replied.

"As are Malfoy, Nott and a number of other people who paid for their freedom," the goblin countered, "but that doesn't mean they're not chattel. And Gringotts has been asked to collect the new owner's animals... chattels... for a fee of course."

"When my father hears what you've done..." Draco snarled as he stalked over to the goblin with princely air he was known for.

The goblin snorted as he signaled his men to herd the collared witches and wizards into a manageable group. "What makes you think he doesn't already know?"

Draco stared at the goblin in shock.

"Your parents, your siblings have already been taken to the holding pens, where you will soon join them," the goblin addressed the group of collared students. "Your new owner asked that those of you who attended Hogwarts be last to be collected. He thought that witnessing such an event might sway others from following the same path as your parents."

"The Ministry won't permit this!" Umbridge declared as she finally snapped out of the shock she had been in.

The goblin pulled out a document from pocket hidden on his armor. "I believe this says I have permission to collect these... chattel," he said as he offered the document to Umbridge who snatched it from his hand. "Signed by Minister Fudge, himself."

"It's clearly a fake," Umbridge snapped as she thrust the document back at the goblin in charge only to have Dumbledore take it from her.

Dumbledore read the document over it before sighing wearily. "This document is real," he said solemnly before handing it back to the goblin. "What will be their fate?"



"That is up to their owner," the goblin replied as he tucked the document away.

"And who is their owner," McGonagall demanded saying the last word with distaste.

"Harry Potter," the goblin stated simply.

"This is wrong!"

All eyes turned to the Gryffindor table where Hermione stood with righteous determination. "Slavery was outlawed in 1833 when Parliament passed the Slavery Abolition Act," she declared.

"And two years later, the Wizengamot passed the Freeman Act, which made it illegal for a witch, wizard or a squib to own a Muggle, a Muggleborn or Half-Blood," the goblin stated. "The Act makes no mention of owning a Pure-Blood since they believed no Pure-Blood would ever allow themselves to be marked as a slave."

"Pride goeth before a fall," Flitwick said softly.

"That is often the case with witches and wizards," the goblin stated. "Which brings up another matter."

Dumbledore took an uneasy breath before asking, "And what matter is that?"

"Hogwarts," the goblin said simply. "The Founders' heir has come to the conclusion that the school has become a place that teaches hate and bigotry and is therefore closing the school."

"They have no right to close Hogwarts!" Umbridge declared. "The Ministry won't allow it."

"The Ministry has no say in this matter. As was written in the by-laws, if there was an ever a time when the heirs felt that Hogwarts had fallen away from its duty then the heirs had the right to close the school," the goblin stated.

"My family can trace our lineage back Helga Hufflepuff," Madam Sprout said proudly. "And I know no one in my family has ever suggested that Hogwarts has become what you claim it is."

The goblin nodded his head in acceptance of Madam Sprout statement. "Of course none of that matters since you and your family are unofficial heirs."

"What!" Madam Sprout sputtered. "I can show you proof of my lineage."

"That may be true, madam but none of your line has approached Gringotts and asked to be tested to discover your inheritance," the goblin explained. "Of course that is a moot point now that there is an official heir to the Founders."

"And who is this heir," McGonagall asks.

"Why Harry Potter, of course," the goblin replied smugly.

"I was right! Potter really is the Heir to Slytherin!" someone shouted out from among the students.

The goblin turned to face the students. "Actual Salazar Slytherin never fathered or adopted any children."

"But the Dark Lord," Draco sputtered from among the other collared children. "He's the heir of Slytherin."

"Slytherin's half-brother. Born to Slytherin's father and a Muggle tavern wench," the goblin explained.

"No! You're wrong," Draco protested in the defense of his beliefs. "He must have fathered a child after he left Hogwarts."

"He never left Hogwarts. The other Founders turned on him and killed him when he became a threat to the school and it's children," the goblin said. "In fact it was in this very room in which he died. His remains were burned someplace in a forest close to the school."

The goblin turned back to Dumbledore and the other professors. "You have 72 hours to leave Hogwarts. Take only your possessions. If anything belongs to the school which includes books, potion

ingredient and medical supplies are removed from the school, the parties involved will be charged with theft and punished to the strictest letter of the law."

"But the students," McGonagall said.

"Mr. Potter has already agreed to refund the tuition for this school to the parents that have already paid," the goblin stated. "In addition Mr. Potter has been in contact with other magical schools and they have agreed to accept the students. Of course they all won't be attending one school but split up among those that would accept them."

"But this is my last year at Hogwarts! I don't want to go someplace else!" someone shouted from among the students.

The goblin turned around. "And that is not Mr. Potter's or my concern. If you want someone to blame for allowing Hogwarts to become corrupt then I suggest you look to the staff of Hogwarts, the Ministry, your own parents and finally at yourself. Think about how many times you have witnessed a fellow student torment a younger student; how many times they have been seriously harmed. Look at the different Houses you have been separated into and how they have caused fighting among siblings and childhood friends. How many times fighting between houses led to fighting between families outside of school. No, Hogwarts teaches hatred and then that hatred is bottle-fed to the next generation. It is time this ends."

And with that the goblins walked out of the Great Hall, pushing and dragging their prisoners with them.

The sons and daughters of those who were marked with Dark Lord's brand were ushered together into a room in which was furnished with a number of strange metal chairs that faced a table and chair.

"Sit down," one of the goblin guards ordered, pointing at the strange metal chairs.

Those children who weren't old enough to have started Hogwarts yet clung to their older brothers and sisters.

"What's going on? Where is mummy and daddy?" one of the youngest of the children whispered to his older brother.

"Shhhh, you need to be quiet," the older brother whispered.

"Where's mummy? I want mummy!" the little one demanded.

The older brother picked up his little brother and hugged him. "I know. I want mummy and daddy too."

It was a few minutes after the children had taken their seats that a man dressed in a Muggle suit walked in. Sitting his briefcase on the table, he looked over the children before saying. "I am Adam Pierson. And I am the only chance of freedom you will ever have."

A few of the children looked upon Mr. Pierson with hope while other dismissed him and his words.

"To begin with I will explain the circumstances that led to you being here," Pierson said as he opened his briefcase. "In the mid to late 70's, your parents swore allegiance to one Tom Marvolo Riddle, who is better known as Lord Voldemort. I believe the wizard community would classify him as being a Half-Blood. In order to join Mr. Riddle's little group your parents agreed to be branded with his symbol, the Dark Mark. Under the wizard Act of 1522, this signifies that they became his property to be used as he wished. Anyone who agreed to wed someone branded with the Riddle's symbol automatically became Riddle's property as did any children born from the relationship."

"Now while the Freeman Act ended this practice in 1835 for muggle-borns and half-bloods, it did not cover Pure-Bloods, which from my understanding all of you are," Pierson stated.

"The wizard world won't stand for this!" Draco spouted as he rose to his feet. "My father is an important man! Not only does the Malfoy family have a seat on Wizengamot, we have many friends in the Wizengamot and they will not stand for this!"

Pierson turned his full attention on Draco. "Draco Malfoy, I presume?"

Draco tipped his chin up slightly so that he was more or less looking down his nose at Pierson.

"Let me correct some of your preconceived notions," Pierson said calmly. "First off your father was an important man and now he's a slave... shoveling Hippogriff dung, I do believe." He glanced over to a goblin for confirmation. The goblin nodded his head while smiling evily.

"The Malfoy fortune, business and properties now belong to Mr. Potter since slaves can not own anything," Pierson stated simply. "As for the Wizengamot... I think they will find it difficult to do much of anything when they need majority vote to make any changes to the existing laws, which I believe is 75% of the votes only to find that Mr. Potter owns 30% of the seats in the Wizengamot. And since he is not permitted to take or vote any of those seats due to Fudge having him declared guilty, Mr. Potter must abstain from voting."

Pierson walked around the desk and over to Draco. "To put it simply, Mr. Potter has gutted the Wizengamot and will shortly destroy the economy of the wizard community in all of Britain. And you, little boy are his slave to do with as he pleases."

"And what about our parents?" one of the girls asked.

"Your parents each received a dose of Veritaserum and were then questioned about their role during the war and since; in addition, they were questioned about what they desired to do with their lives. Based on that information they were assigned the jobs they will work for the rest of their lives," Pierson answered.

"I want my mummy," one of the younger children sobbed.

Pierson sighed sadly. "I know little one."

"My mother wasn't a Death Eater," a young man in the back said as he stood up. "She would tell me I would have to look beyond being a Pure-Blood, Half-Blood or Muggle born. That it was someone's magic that was important, not their blood. I remember seeing my father strike her for saying that... what will happen to her?"

Pierson glanced over to one of the goblins.

"Mr. Potter is still deciding her fate and the fates of others like her," the goblin answered.

Pierson nodded his head in thanks before turning back to the children of the Death Eaters.

"And our fate? You mentioned that you were our one chance at freedom," one of the older children said

Pierson nodded his head. "In an act of compassion, Mr. Potter approached Her Majesty about your fate and Her Majesty has agreed to make all of you wards of the crown with some conditions. First your magic will be bound and you will have no access to the wizard world."

The ones who were old enough to understand what exactly Pierson was saying shouted in outrage. Pierson stood there and allowed them to shout and rage.

"Are you done?" Pierson asked as when the young people had quieted down for a moment. "Because I can assure you that nothing you say and do right now will change Her Majesty's or Mr. Potter's mind. Your choice is simple, either a life as a Muggle with the chance of finding happiness or the life of a slave; no magic, no children, no freedom and no happiness."

"Would we stay together?" a big brother said as he held his little sister in his lap.

Pierson nodded his head. "Yes. We plan on keeping brothers and sisters together," he replied with a smile before allowing it to fade. "However it was decided it would be best for you not to be allowed to stay as group."

"Why is that?" Draco said in a snide tone of voice. "Afraid we'll plot behind you back?"

"No. It's because some of you are snide little brats who will make the others miserable while they try to adapt to life without magic," Pierson glared at him.

"I would rather be a slave in the wizard world than live among some filthy Muggles," Draco snarled.

"Fine," Pierson shrugged his shoulders as he signaled a guard to collect Draco. "I believe your new job is cultivating and harvesting crowberries in the moors of Scotland."

"What? No!" Draco exclaimed as the goblin hauled him out of his chair and dragged him towards the door.

"Wait," Pierson called out when the goblin and Draco were only a few feet from the door.

The goblin turned Draco around so he was facing Pierson and the other children.

"I can only assume from your protest that you have changed your mind Mr. Malfoy," Pierson said smugly, "And that you find yourself embracing the idea of living the rest of your life as a Muggle."

Draco nodded his head.

"Very well. You may release him," Pierson directed.

The goblins released their grasp on Draco's arms, allowing him to drop to the floor in an ungraceful lump before they took their former positions.

Pierson gave a small nod of approval before turning back to the other children. "Now as I was saying..."

Title: Charlie does the Foxtrot or Damn the Torpedoes

Author: Lady FoxFire

Pairing(s): None

Rating: PG13

Setting: Book 5

Warning: None

Category(s): Harry Potter

Summary: Fudge believed that everything was going according to his grand plan when Harry Potter was found guilty.... Oh Boy! Was he wrong!

Disclaimer: I do not own the Harry Potter series, if I did the last 3 books would have been a lot better

Bad Author Notes: I would write something here about all the people who through it was a good idea to leave penniless, friendless children in the hands of people like Fudge and Dumbledore instead of sending them to the Muggle world but I have a bad headache right now. Email me if you have a problem with them being sent to away so they have a fresh start.

"Do you think anyone else will show?" Fudge looked around the partially filled chamber used by the Wizengamot.

"I doubt it," Madam Bones replied calmly. A small smirk of satisfaction graced her lips as she took in the empty seats of Wizengamot members like the Malfoys and Notts.

"Hem, Hem," Umbridge made the annoying noise she always made when she wanted to draw attention to herself. "I'm sure they're just being delayed by something. After all Minister Fudge did call for a full Wizengamot, which means every member must attend."

"True," Bones admitted. "Unless they are no long able to hold their seat."



"The only reason they would not be able to hold their seat was if they were dead and their heir is under-age," Umbridge replied smugly.

"Or if they were no longer the Head of their line," Lady Longbottom stated from her seat among the Wizengamot. "And I believe that is exactly what happened, isn't it. Spoils of war and all that."

"Lucius was found innocent of all crimes," Fudge said in the defense of his greatest supporter.

A small smile graced Lady Longbottom's lips. "Yet he was marked. Just like a farmer brands his cattle."

"Yes... well..." Fudge sputtered.

"I'm more concerned with the boy claiming to be the Heir of the Founders and closing Hogwarts than the fate of some Death Eaters and their families," one of the younger members of the Wizengamot stated.

"He's right! My family is descended from both Lady Hufflepuff and Lady Ravenclaw and yet that boy took our title from family," an older wizard snarled.

"It's not like you're the only family descended from the Founders," a wizard with a neatly trimmed beard said. "Almost everyone in this room could claim to be descended from one of the founders."

"Yes... well... my family is one of the oldest in the wizard world," the wizard who claimed to be descended from two of the Founders said snottily.

"Before we continue this debate of who is more deserving of the title of Heir, perhaps we should start this session," Madam Bones commented. "It is my understanding that there is a representative from Gringotts here to explain the matter at hand."

"A goblin no doubt. Nasty little buggers," one Wizengamot member commented. "Don't see why they don't send a wizard like is proper, instead of forcing us to deal with them."

"I believe the only wizard who could explain this had his wand snapped," Lady Longbottom explained.

"Really and who was that?" Fudge demanded. "I don't remember anyone having their wand snapped expect for Potter."

A few members of the Wizengamot shook their heads sadly while the majority of them nodded in agreement.

Madam Bones sighed wearily. "I believe Lady Longbottom meant Harry Potter."

"And what does he have to do with this?" Fudge demanded. "He's not a wizard anymore."

Lady Longbottom shook her head in disbelief at how little Fudge and many members of the Wizengamot understood of wizard law and of magic.

"Why don't we allow the Gringotts' representative to explain everything," Madam Bones suggested, pinching the bridge of her nose.

"Very well," Fudge grumbled. "Show the goblin in," he ordered the guards who were stationed by the door.

The goblin who entered the room was not dressed the way most wizards were used to seeing a goblin. Instead of the usual suit and bow tie, this goblin was dressed in a black front laced poet shirt, a leather vest with pants and knee high boots. Tucked into the belt the goblins wore were two strange items that bore a faint resemblance to Muggle flintlock pistols.

"Greetings good ladies and wizards of the Wizengamot," the goblin said with a slight bow of his head and a small smirk on his lips.

"We want to know why Gringotts has kidnapped a number of important people," Fudge sputtered. "And how Potter was able to steal the title of Heir from the rightful families when he's not a wizard anymore."

The goblin looked at Fudge as if he was insignificant bug in a green pin striped suit.

Madam Bones sighed as she rubbed her forehead as if to ward off a headache. "Greetings good goblin. There are several matters that we are hoping that you could clarify for us. The first of which is the matter in which a number of witches and wizard have been declared to be slaves."

"What about Potter's theft of my family title to Heir to the Founders," the wizard who said he was descended from Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff shouted out.

"The matter at hand is the enslavement of a number of wizard families," Madam Bones snapped. "That is unless you want to ignore that fact that you too might share the same fate as the Malfoys or the Notts."

"No... you're quite right," the wizard said hurriedly. "We must deal with the important matter as quickly as possible."

Madam Bones shook her head. "Good goblin, would you kindly explain how a number of pureblood families became slaves?"

"There is not much to explain, by right of conquest Mr. Potter became owner of all properties and coinage of Tom Marvolo Riddle better known as Dark Lord Voldemort," the goblin explained.

"So by the wizard Act of 1522 anyone branded with... a symbol of ownership became property that can be sold, traded or won in combat," Madam Bones said. "And since the members of Wizengamot didn't include Pure-bloods in the Freeman Act, the collection of those marked along with their spouses, children and their properties is completely legal."

The goblin nodded his head. "Exactly."

"And what of those that have been sentenced to Azkaban?" Lady Longbottom asked. "Will they remain to serve out their sentence or be forced to do labor for the rest of their lives?"

"Those in Azkaban have been questioned with Veritaserum and then euthanized," the goblin replied.

"Euthanized?" one of the member of Wizengamot asked.

"He means executed," another Wizengamot member explained.

"One can not execute an animal," the goblin countered.

"They were human beings, not animals," Dumbledore commented.  
"They didn't deserve to be treated in such a manner."

"Oh I would disagree with you on that Albus," Lady Longbottom said.  
"They were not humans but animals, sick and diseased animals and the world is better off with them dead." She then turned to the goblin.  
"If at all possible please inform Mr. Potter that the Longbottom line sends our thanks for dealing with a problem we have been unable to deal with."

The goblin nodded his head. "I will pass on your words to Mr. Potter. I know he was concerned that you might not take the death of your family's enemy death in a favorable light. That you might have preferred to have handled the matter yourself."

Lady Longbottom waved off Potter's concern. "While I might have preferred to witness their death, I am satisfied to know that they will never harm another soul. My family has been revenged."

"And what of those who were marked," Dumbledore growled, "are they destined to meet the same fate?"

"They were questioned under Veritaserum and based on their answers they were assigned to a job. I believe Lucius Malfoy is currently shoveling Hippogriff dung," the goblin replied with a smirk.

"Well Malfoy was always one to dig up shit on anyone if it was to his advantage. Now he's just deal with a different type of shit," someone commented.

"And those not marked? What will happen to them?" Madam Bones asked.

"The spouses were also questioned under Veritaserum and based on their answers they were assigned jobs," the goblin answered.

"And the children?" Dumbledore demanded. "Were they also questioned and assigned jobs too?"

A toothy grin appeared on the goblin's face. "The children have decided that it is in their best interest to have their magic bound and become wards of the Crown."

The members of the Wizengamot stared at the goblin in shock for a moment before Lady Longbottom started to snicker in a very un-lady like manner. Picking up the glass of water in front of her, she raised it in the air. "A toast to Mr. Potter for doing what we always wanted to do and never dared to do."

"What... what do you mean?" Fudge sputtered. "What did he do?"

"He took care of the worst threat to the wizard world," Lady Longbottom answered.

"What threat?" Fudge asked dumbly

"He removed those who threaten to expose us to the Muggle world," Longbottom answered.

"He removed the Muggle-born?" Fudge said in confusion.

"No. He removed the worst of the Pure-blood bigots who would attack Muggles at any time," Longbottom replied. "It's only luck and the use of memory charms that have prevented the Muggle world from discovering us before now. I for one would hate to be part of a modern day witch hunt."

"Oh Mr. Potter did more than just that, my Lady," the goblin practical purred.

The small smile that was on Madam Bones' face as a result of Lady Longbottom's words quickly disappeared. "And what exactly did Mr. Potter do?" she demanded.

A cruel smile appeared on the goblin's face. "He removed his entire fortune from this nation."

"What of it?" Fudge dismissed the matter.

"His entire fortune?" Lady Longbottom asked with dread. "Including the funds that were once owned by his chattel?"

The goblin simply nodded as his grin grew wider.

"And exactly how much is that?" Madam Bones asked.

"As you know employees of Gringotts can not speak about other account holders," the goblin replied.

"That would be a great deal of money," one of the Wizengamot member announced. "The Malfoy were one of the richest families in the Wizard World. The Potters were rumored to be almost as rich if not as rich as the Malfoys. And the other families... the removal of those funds... Mr. Potter could very well destroy our economy!"

"Hem, Hem," Umbridge pretended to cough daintily. "I'm sure you're over-reaching. I truly doubt that boy could destroy our economy."

"That's because you're stupid!" the Wizengamot member snapped

"Come now, there is no need for such insults," Dumbledore commented in a disapproving tone of voice.

"Says the man who is too blind to see the royal mess we're now in," the Wizengamot member who had insulted Umbridge commented.

"I don't understand," Fudge said. "What the problem with the boy taking his funds and leaving Britain? We're better off without him."

"Perhaps it would be best if I explain," the goblin volunteered.

"Please, good goblin," Madam Bones requested, pulling a headache potion out of her robes.

"It's quite simple, Minister Fudge and honored members of Wizengamot," the goblin said in a lecturing tone of voice. "In the wizard world there are a set number of Galleon, Sickle and Knuts and the amount of coins each nation has is based on the number of people and their wealth which allows them to buy and sell with other wizard nations. Now if we suddenly remove a large number of coins from one nation and give it to another we upset the delicate balance that allows the economy to flourish."

Fudge shook his head. "I still don't understand."

The goblin sighed. Alright let's say that you have 100 Bertie Botts beans, Madam Bones has 125 jelly beans and Dumbledore has 75."

"Why does Madam Bones have more Bertie Botts beans than me, after all I'm the Minister of Magic," Fudge grumbled.

"Because Madam Bones represents another wizard nation that has a larger pool of wealth while Dumbledore is a poorer nation. You, Minister Fudge represent Britain in this example," the goblin explained.

"Oh well... that's a good thing. Go on," Fudge said with a wave of his hand to indicate that the goblin should continue.

"Now nations will trade things among themselves for example Minister Fudge will give Madam Bones 75 Bertie Botts beans in exchange for some fresh fruit and vegetables which can't be grown here," the goblin explain. "And you will also give Dumbledore 25 Bertie Botts beans for potion ingredients."

"That leave me without any Bertie Botts beans," Fudge said with a pout.

"Yes and we'll get to that in a moment. Madam Bones will buy 50 beans worth of potion ingredients from Dumbledore. And then Dumbledore will buy 75 beans worth of brooms from Minister Fudge and Madam Bones will buy 25 beans worth. In the end after buying and selling you still have 100 beans, Minister Fudge while Madam Bones and Dumbledore have the same amount they started with too."

"Alright," Fudge said slowly as he tried to figure things out.

"So now Mr. Potter has come along and removed 45 beans from your pile, so you only have 55 beans left but you still need 100 Bertie Botts beans to buy everything you need," the goblin said.

Fudge brow was furrowed with thought. "So I have to by my fruits and vegetable first then after Madam Bones and Dumbledore buys their brooms, I can buy the potion ingredients," Fudge stated thoughtfully.

"Except Dumbledore won't buy your brooms until he has enough Bertie Botts beans from you purchasing the ingredients first," the goblin explained.

"So I buy from Dumbledore first then after he buy the brooms I buy the food," Fudge said.

"But Dumbledore still won't have enough beans since he also needs the ones he gets from Madam Bones which she gets from you when you buy the fruits and vegetables," the goblin explained as he can see that Fudge and Wizengamot member were finally getting it.

"So that mean we have to cut back the amount of food and potion ingredients," one of the members commented.

"Yes! Which mean Madam Bones and Dumbledore will buy less brooms from Minister Fudge which mean he has to lay off the people working for him," the goblin replied happily. "Which mean the people will be unhappy with Fudge since they're not making any money that they could spend on food, potion ingredients or on brooms."

"And we all know what happen when people have nothing to do, no money and no food in their stomachs," Lady Longbottom comment.

"We do?" one of the Wizengamot member sounded puzzled.

"They go after the ones that caused their problems," Lady Longbottom replied.

"They'll go after Potter?" Fudge said happily.

"No, Minister Fudge. They will go after you and the other members of the Wizengamot," the goblin replied.

"Oh... perhaps a recess is in order," Fudge said nervously.

"There is one thing else before you go on recess," the goblin said with an evil smirk. "All the accounted owned by Wizengamot are currently being audited and therefore you funds are frozen until we're done."

"How long will that be?" Fudge said with a squeak.



"Oh about 3, 4 maybe 6 weeks," the goblin replied

"6 weeks!" Fudge gasped.

"Maybe more," the goblin said happily.

"We're doomed."

America. Land of the free, home of the brave. The first nation... well they were colonies at that time to be brave enough or more likely stupid enough to tell the British government to fuck off and actually get away with it.

Of course it was the perfect place for Harry Potter to disappear in since he basically did the same thing to the British Wizard government. Now it might be argued that Canada or Australia would have been better choice but the truth of the matter was that both nations still had close ties to Queen and country; ties that could cause Harry problems later on.

So it was no surprise that when a representative of ICW, International Confederation of Wizards finally found Harry, he was enjoying a fish sandwich while watching people pass him by.

"Mr. Potter?" the representative said with a slight German accent as he sat down across the table.

"Maybe," Harry replied before taking another bite of his sandwich.

"Fredrich Grueber, Representative of International Confederation of Wizards," the wizard said in a slightly snotty tone of voice.

Harry swallowed his food and reached for his drink. "Really. That must be great for you."

"Yes... well..." Grueber stammered for a moment over the fact that Potter was less than impressed by his title. "I'm here to speak to you about your... chattel and the funds you appropriated from them."

Harry shrugged his shoulders as he took another bite of his sandwich.

"The ICW on behalf of the British Wizard government is asking you to free your... chattel and return the fund you had removed from their accounts," Grueber stated in a firm tone of voice as he looked down his nose at Harry.

Harry swallowed his mouthful of food. "No," he replied before taking a drink.

Grueber blinked a couple of times in surprise. "Mr. Potter I don't think you understand the exact nature of this request," he said in a harder, threatening tone. "The ICW would like you to free the witches and wizards you have in your possession and return the funds you stole from them."

Harry put down his sandwich and gave the ICW representative his full attention. "You seem to be laboring under some misinformation about what exactly the ICW is and what it is allowed to do, Mr. Grueber."

"And what is that, Mr. Potter," Grueber sneered.

"You're of the belief that the ICW has the power to tell me what I can and can not do," Harry replied as if he was explaining something to a child. "You see the International Confederation of Wizards is a collection of wizard governments who came together in order to unite the wizard world across the globe, much like the Muggle United Nations. And like the UN, the ICW can sanction one of its members if the nation does something illegal or something that threatens the other member nations. But the ICW can not tell an individual what they can and can not do especially if what the individual is doing is legal."

"But slavery is not legal in the British Isles," Grueber countered.

"Actually it is, under the right circumstance," Harry stated with a grin. "Circumstances I took the full advantage of."

"And the spouses and children of those you enslaved?" Grueber said. "What about them?"

"All legal according to British law," Harry replied.

"That is until the British government changes the law and make it retroactive," Grueber replied.

Harry chuckled. "Ah but that won't happen for a very long time, not until my Heir has taken his or her spot as the head of the Potter line... in Britain at least."

Grueber's brow furrow as he tried to figure out what Harry meant. "Explain," he demanded.

"Oh your mean they did tell you?" Harry asked

"Tell me what?" Grueber demanded.

"That I control 17 seats in the Wizengamot," Harry answered. "Because the government of Wizarding British snapped my wand, I am considered to be a squib by them therefore I can not vote those seats. I can't even appoint a proxy, which means those seats will remain unoccupied until my heir has taken his or her rightful place as head of the Potter line."

Harry picked up his sandwich once again as Grueber mentally reviewed what Harry just said. Harry was finished his sandwich when Grueber blurted out, "But that means they can't convene!"

"Yeap," Harry said with a smirk. "They can't make any laws, agree to any treaty or raise any taxes. All they can do seat and judge those brought to court."

"But... but... they can't do anything," Grueber sputtered.

"And the British people will probably thank me since this would be the first time in history that a government actual worked correctly... of course that's ignoring the part in which I destroyed their economy," Harry said thoughtfully. "Of course they only have themselves to blame for that after all they elected Fudge to office."

Grueber opened his mouth to say something only to close it once again. "And what about the funds? Would you consent to having them transferred back to your account in the British branch of Gringotts?"

"Why?" Harry asked simply.

"To restart the British economy," Grueber answered. "When you removed the funds, the British economy collapsed."

Harry snorted, "Even if I did, it won't help the economy any," Harry replied. "After all you have to spend money to get an economy moving and since I'm in America, I won't be spending any money in Britain. Besides I couldn't do it anyways even if I wanted to since I don't have a knut to my name."

"You're broke!" Grueber exclaimed in shock.

"Nope," Harry answered with a smile that would make the Cheshire Cat from Alice in Wonderland green with envy. "Tell me do you know what the conversion rate is between the British pound and wizard money is?"

"Not for the British pound but the conversion rate for the German Deutschmark is around 2 Sickles," Grueber told him.

Harry nodded his head. "And do you know what the conversion from wizard money back to Muggle money is?"

Grueber looked at Harry in confusion. "From your question I would not say it's the same as it is from Muggle to Galleons."

Harry nodded his head. "To from British currency to Galleons, 1 pound is worth 3 Sickles and 11 Knuts but to go the other way... 2 Sickles are worth 1 pound."

A high pitch squeak came from Grueber. Clearing his throat, he said, "But why such a difference?"

"Profit. It's all about profit," Harry answered before finishing off his drink.

"But why exchange all your money? You'll probably lose more than what you made when you change it back," Grueber asked.

"Why would I exchange it back?" Harry asked innocently.

"Well... to buy things," Grueber replied.

Harry looked at Grueber with a thoughtful expression on his face before saying, "Look around Grueber, what do you see?"

Grueber looked at Harry for a moment before complying with the request. "Shops, Muggles, Muggle vehicles and in the distance I can see a bit of water and maybe a ship or two."

Harry smiled and nodded his head. "Normal everyday people with normal everyday jobs out buying normal everyday things."

Grueber blinked a couple of times in surprise. "You plan to go Muggle; to turn you back on magic!"

Harry snorted. "Of course not. I plan to turn my back on the wizard community. It's not that lot ever did anything good for anyone but themselves."

"But you can't use magic until you passed your O.W.L.s and you could never get a job without a good score on you N.E.," Grueber pointed out.

"First there is no laws again me hiring tutors so I can pass my O.W.L.s and second why would I want a job in the wizard community? From what I see the job market is limited to being a government employee or own a shop or working in one," Harry said with a snort.

"I can assure you, Mr. Potter that there are more to the wizard community than the few forms of employment that you mention," Grueber said in a snotty tone of voice

"Ah yes, there's teacher, dragon handler or curse breaker but to be honest, none of them interest me," Harry replied. "Besides there is one field of employment that the wizard world will never have but that Muggle world does."

"And what is that," Grueber growled at the idea that Muggle could do something that the wizards could never do

Harry pointed up.

Grueber looked up in confusion "Flying?" he guessed. "I'm sure you know that wizards know how to fly and that some actually make a career out of it."

"Space," Harry said simply

Grueber looked at Harry in confusion. "Space?"

"Do you know how many people have walked on the Moon, Mr. Grueber?" Harry asked.

Grueber shook his head. "None. No wizard could apparate such a distance nor would they know what they would find if they were able to."

"The answer is 12. The first two being Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin," Harry stated. "I want to go into space. Walk on the surface of the Moon. Be the first person to walk on Mars. If I stay in the wizard community and be a good little wizard, I could never do any of that."

Grueber looked at Harry with a sad expression on his face. "You're insane."

Harry snorted. "This from the representative of the people who think that stepping into a fire is a great way to transport themselves to other places or stick their heads into the same fire in order to talk to someone. Of course if you want to send someone a letter or a package you need to find an owl or some other type of bird to do that. I'm sorry but I'm pretty sure that the wizard world has cornered the market on being insane."

"Then I can assume that there is no chance of you freeing your chattels or returning the funds," Grueber said.

"None what so ever," Harry answered. "After all by that simple act, I defeat Voldemort. He has no army and no money; all the wizard world has to do is find him."

Grueber rose to his feet. "I'll take your reply back to International Confederation of Wizards but I can assure you that this won't be the last you'll hear from us."

Harry chuckled. "Why would I assume any differently? After all, as Dumbledore and the Wizengamot taught me, a wizard is always right even when he's wrong. I'm sure I'll see you or your replacement sometime soon."

And with that Grueber walked into the human traffic and disappeared from sight.

Harry sat at the table for about 5 minutes, watching as humanity passed him by. "What do you think they will do now?" he asked to a person who walked up next to him.

"Nothing for the time being," a short ugly old man who looked a lot like a goblin said as he sat down across from Harry, "but eventually they will try something. It is their way and they can not understand why someone would willingly give up their way for a different way."

Harry made some agreeing noises. "I wonder how many times it will take before they get the point."

"It depends on if you will allow us to implement the plan we suggested," the old man/goblin said.

"Not yet. Wait until they've pissed me off," Harry said with a smirk. "Beside we don't want to show our hand yet, we can only do it so many times before we run out of laws and treaties that we can manipulate."

"2,163 to be exact," the old man/goblin replied with a toothy grin.

Harry looked over at the old man/goblin with an impressed look on his face. "Got to love the wizard community when it comes to truth and justice, they really know how to screw someone or allow someone like me to screw them. Wonder who will be the ones to piss me off."

Harry and the old man/goblin looked at each other and simultaneously said, "The French."

"Really do love the Veelas. They don't know how to take 'No' or 'Not interested' for an answer," Harry commented